An excelent Ditty, called
The Shepheards woing faire Dulcina.
To a new tune called Dulcina.

As at noone Dulcina rested,
  In her sweet and shady bower:
Came a Shepheard and requested,
In her lap to sleepe an houre:
But from her looke,
A wound he tooke,
  so deepe, that for a further boone,
The Nymph he prayes.
Whereto she sayes,
  Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

But in vaine she did conjure him,
  for to leave her presence so:
Having thousand meanes to allure him,
  and but one to let him goe.
Where lips invite,
And eyes delight,
  and cheekes as fresh as Rose in June,
Perswades to stay,
What bootes to say,
  Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

Words whose hopes might have enjoyned
  him to let Dulcina sleepe,
Could a mans love be confined,
  Or a maide her promise keepe:
  [illegible]
  [illegible]
  [illegible] to her he [illegible]
  [illegible]
  [illegible]
  [illegible] soone &c.

He demaunds what time or leasure,
  can there be [illegible] then now:
She sayes [illegible] for their pleasure
  yet I wist [illegible] not how:
The Moones cleare light,
[illegible] bright,
  would be more [illegible] then the [illegible]
For her to [illegible],
He loues, shee sayes
  forgoe mee now &c.

But no promise nor profession,
  from his hands could purchase scope,
Who would sell the sweete possession,
  of such beautie for a hope:
Or for the sight,
Of lingring night,
  forgoe the pleasant joyes of noone:
Though none so faire,
Her speeches were
  forgoe me now &c.

Now at last agreed these lovers,
  she was faire and hee was young,
If you will beleeve me I will tell you:
  true love [illegible] lasted long.
[illegible],
[illegible],
  [illegible] Phebus beames outshines the
Dulcina [illegible] (continue
[illegible],
  [illegible] now come to me soone.

The Second Part of faire Dulcina,

To the same tune

Day was spent and night approached,
Venus faire was Louers friend,
She intreated bright Apollo,
that his steedes their race might end:
He could not say,
This Goddesse nay,
but granted louers [illegible]
The Shepheard came,
To this faire Dame,
forgoe me now &c.

Sweete he said as I did promise,
I am now returned againe:
Long delay you know breeds danger,
and to Louers bringeth payne.
The Nimph said then
Aboue all men,
Still welcome shepheard morne or noone.
The Shepheard prayes,
Dulcina sayes
Shepheard I doubt th'art come too soone.

When that bright Aurora blushed,
came the Shepheard to his loue:
Pretty Dame most sweetly [illegible]
said the morne approached neare
Yet still away.
The Nimph did say,
The Shepheard he fell in a sowne,
At length she said,
Be not afraid,
Forgoe me now &c.

With griefe of hart the Shepheard hasted
vp the mountaines to his flockes:
Then he tooke a reede and piped
Eccho sounded through the rockes.
Thus did he play
And wisht the day,
were spent and night were come ere noone
The silent night
Is louers delight,
Ile goe to faire Dulcina soone.

Beauties Darling, faire Dulcina,
like to Venus for her loue,
Spent away the day in passion,
mourning like the Turtle doue:
melodiously,
Notes low and hie,
she warbles forth this dolefull tune,
Oh come againe,
Sweete Shepheard Swaine,
thou canst not be with me too soone.

When as Thetis in her pallace
had receiued the Prince of light,
Came in Corridon the Shepheard,
to his loue and hearts delight:
Then Pan did play,
The wood Nymphs they
did sing and dance in sweete content,
Hymen did say,
Tis holy-day,
Forgoe me now come to me soone.